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• L O N D O N •

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Hammy

VOL V.

TO MY FRIEND
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.3RD SET OF

Twelve Songs



- Nº 1. AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT. Words by THOMAS MOORE
 2. A SERENADE BARRY CORNWALL
 3. CRADLE SONG D° D°
 4. A PAST SPRING-TIME GEORGE ELIOT
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 9. THE LAND OF VIOLETS BARRY CORNWALL
 10. SOMEWHERE CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
 11. A BIRTHDAY D° D°
 12. DAY IS DYING GEORGE ELIOT

Composed by

Frederic H. Cowen.

Price Four Shillings nett.

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CHAS. W. HOMEY
 165 TREMONT

"AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT."

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

No. 1.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante con moto. (M. M. ♩ = 104.)

VOICE. *p* At the mid hour of

PIANO. *p*

night..... when stars are weeping, I fly..... To the lone vale we

loved,..... when life shone warm in thine eye;..... And I think oft, if

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Album No 62.

N. 9370

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cresc. *cresc.* *f*

spirits can steal from the regions of air To re-visit past scenes of de-light, . . . thou wilt

cresc. *cresc.* *f*

espressivo *dim.* *p*

come to me there And tell me our love is re-member'd, that our love is re-member'd,

dim. *p*

poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

e-ven in the sky! Then I sing the wild

poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

cresc.

song it once was rap-ture to hear When our voi-ces, com-

ming - ling, breathed like one in the ear; And as E - cho far off

through the vale my sad o - ri-son rolls, I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, O my

Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of Souls faintly answering, answering still the notes that

once. were so dear.

A SERENADE.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

No 2.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegro moderato non troppo. (M. M. ♩ = 100.)

VOICE.
(Tenor.)

PIANO.

mf
A - wake! The

mf *dim.* *p*

starry midnight hour Hangs charmed, and pau- seth in its flight:

p *cresc.*
In its own sweet-ness sleeps the flow'r; And the doves lie

p *cresc.*

hushed in deep de - light! A - wake! A - wake! Look forth, my

love, for Love's sweet sake!

f *p* *pp*

... A -

mf *dim.* *p*

wake! Soft dews will soon a - rise From dai - - - sied

p

mead, and thorn - y brake; Then,

mf

sempre *Red.*

Sweet, un-cloud those east-ern eyes, ... And like the

ten-der morn-ing break! ... A - wake! A - wake! ...

... Dawn forth, my love ... for Love's sweet

sake! ... A-

p *cresc.* *f* *p* *mf* *dim.*

Ad. *Ad.*

- wake! Ne'er heed, though list' - ning Night.....

p

.... Steal mu - sic from thy sil - ver voice:

cresc. Un - cloud thy beau - ty, rare and bright, *sempre cresc.* Un-cloud thy

cresc. *sempre cresc.*

beau - ty, rare and bright..... And bid the world, and bid the

f

world and me re - joice!..... *f* A -

wake! A-wake! A - wake!..... *f* Shew all thy

love,..... *p* for Love's sweet sake!.....

.....

CRADLE - SONG.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

No 3.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante molto tranquillo. (M. M. ♩ = 66.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score consists of a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a continuous arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are written under the voice line.

Lyrics:
 Dream, Ba - by, dream! The stars are
 (dar - ling)
 glow-ing. Hear'st thou the stream? 'Tis soft-ly flow - ing. All
 gent - ly glide the hours: A - bove, no tem-pest lowers: Be -

poco rall.

low, are fragrant flow'rs.... In si - lence, in si - lence grow - ing....

colla voce

p *dim.* *L. H.*

a tempo

p *dim.*

p

Sleep, Ba - by, sleep, Till dawn to -

(dar - ling)

sempre p

p

mor - row! Why should'st thou weep, Who know'st not sor - - row?

poco cresc.

Too soon come pains and fears; Too soon a cause for

p

poco rall.

tears: So from thy fu-ture years No sad-ness, no sad-ness

colla voce

dim.

bor - row.

a tempo

L. H.

pp

Dream, Ba - by. dream! Thine

(dar - ling)

OR.

dim.

pp

eye - - - - - ds qui - ver. Know'st thou the

theme Of yon soft ri - - ver? It saith "Be calm, Be

sure, Un - fail - ing, gen-tle, pure; So shall thy

life en - dure... Like mine, for e - - ver!".....

colla voce - - - - -

Piu lento.

L. H.

A PAST SPRINGTIME.

Words by
GEORGE ELIOT.

Nº 4.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Poco Allegretto ma tranquillo. (M. M. ♩ = 80.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

p

It was in the prime Of the

sweet Spring - - time.....

In the lin - net's throat Trembled the love - - note, And the

love - stirred air Thrilled the blos - soms there. Lit - tle sha - dows danced, Each a

ti - ny elf, Lit - tle sha - dows danced, Each a ti - ny elf, Happy in

large light And the thin - - - nest self. It was

in the prime Of the sweet, the sweet

..... Spring - time.

mf

Red. *

p

It was

p

Red. *

but a mi - - nute In a far - - - off

Red. *

Spring, But each

p

Red. *

cresc.

gen - - tle thing, Sweet - ly woo - - ing lin - - net,

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

Soft - thrilled haw - thorn tree. Hap - - py sha - dow - y elf,

p *cresc.*

sempre cresc.

Hap - - py elf With the thin - - nest self, Live still

sempre cresc.

f

on, live still on, still

f

on ... in me. ... O ... the

mf

Red. *

sweet, sweet prime O the sweet, sweet prime.....

cresc. *f*

Red. *

Of the past Spring - time!

poco rall. *a tempo* *mf* *dim.*

Red. *

p *p*

Red. *

LONELY.

Words by
GEORGE ELIOT.

No 5.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Molto Lento ed espressivo. (M. M. ♩ = 40.)

p con tristezza

VOICE.

PIANO.

molto sostenuto

The world is great.....

..... The birds all fly from me,

The stars are golden fruit..... up-on a tree All out of reach.....

..... my little sis - ter went, my lit - tle sis - ter went,.....

.... And I am lone - ly. am lone -

- ly. The

word is great I tried to mount the hill A-bove the

pines, where the light lies so still, But it rose high - er:

cresc.

little Li-sa went, little Li-sa went, And I am

cresc.

p

lone-ly. am lone-ly.

p *pp*

p

The world is great: The

trem. p

quasi Recit. p

wind comes rushing by, I won-der where it comes from;

f

f sea - birds cry..... *p* And hurt my heart:

p sempre con molto tristezza *cresc.*
my lit - tle sis - - ter went, my little sis - ter went, my

f *molto espressivo* *f*
lit - tle sis - ter went, And I am lone - ly, am

lone - - - ly.
poco rit. *pp* *molto rall.*

A BRIDE SONG.

Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

No 6.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegro comodo non troppo vivace. (M. M. ♩ = 80.)

VOICE. *f* Through the vales to my love! In

PIANO. *mf*

sweet A - pril hours All rain - bow and show'rs, While

dove an - swers dove, In beau - ti-ful

mf *p*

May, When the or - chards are ten - der And froth - ing with

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cresc.

flow'rs, In op - - u - lent June. When the wheat stands up

slen - der By sweet - smell - ing hay, And half the sun's

p

cresc.

splen - dour De - scends to the moon, And half the sun's

cresc. *p*

cresc. *f*

splen - dour De - scends to the moon..... Through the

cresc.

vales..... to my love!..... Through the

f

vales to my love!

p

mf

Through the vales to my love!.....

mf

..... Where the turf is so soft to the feet And the

thyme makes it sweet..... And the

mf

state - ly fox - glove Hangs si - - lent its bells, its

p

ex - qui - site bells: And where wa - ter wells The

cresc.

p

green - ness grows green - er, The green - ness grows green - er. And

bul - - rush - es stand Round a li - - - ly to

cresc.

p

screen her. And bul - - rush - es stand Round a

cresc.

p

cresc.

li - - - ly to screen her..... Through the

f

vales..... to my love!..... Through the

f

vales to my love! Nev - er - the - less.....

p non affrettando

p

p

... if this land Like a gar - den to smell and to

sight, *p* Were turned to a de - sert of sand; Stripped

bare of de - light, All its best gone to worst,

p For my feet no re - pose, *p* No

wa - ter to com - fort my thirst, And heav'n

like a fur - nace a - bove. The

de - - sert would be As gushing of wa - ters to

me. The wild - erness be as a rose. If it

led me to thee, The wild - - er - ness

be as a rose, O my love,

... O my love If it led ... me to

thee, O my love.

THE STARS.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

Nº 7.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Molto moderato. (M. M. ♩ = 54)

VOICE. *p* They

PIANO. *tranquillo* *p*

glide up - on their end - less way..... For ev - er

calm,..... for ev - er bright.....

No blind hurry. no de - lay..... Mark the Daught - ers of the

poco cresc.

Night..... They fol - - low

poco cresc.

Red. * *Red.*

p

in the track of Day,..... In di - vine de -

dim. * *Red.* * *p*

mf

light, They fol - - low in the

Red. *

p poco rit. a tempo

track of Day, In di - vine de - light.

p colla voce

Red. *

p
Shine on, sweet orb-ed souls, for aye,..... For ev - er

calm,..... for ev - er bright,..... We ask not whith-er lies your

way, Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.....

poco cresc.
Be, still,— a dream through - out the day,
poco cresc. *dim.*

p
A blessing through the night, Be, still, a dream through-

p

Ad. *

p *poco rit.* *Più lento.*
- out the day, A bless - ing through the night!

p

Ad. *

pp *sempre pp e rall.*
Shine on, sweet orb-ed souls..... for aye..... for

pp *rall.*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

pp
aye!.....

pp *rall.*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

FEDALMA.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Nº 8.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante con moto. (M. M. ♩ = 52.)

VOICE.
(Tenor.)

PIANO.

By thy dark eyes' light and lus - tre,

sempre Ped.

And thy white brow's mar - ble fair - ness;

Thy rich tress - es' ra - ven clus - ter,

All thy beau - ty and thy rare - - ness, Mai - den

cresc. wild, *mf* I love, I love thee, Love

dim. thee, bright Fe - - dal - - - -
.....
dim. *p* *colla voce*

p ma!

p

By thy spi - rit pure and sim - ple, Thy sweet soul's un - sul - lied

p

white - ness, Ev' - ry curve and ev' - ry dim - ple,

And thy laughter's gir - lish light - ness, Mai - den wild, I love, I

pp

love thee, Love thee, bright Fe - dal -

pp *colla voce*

ma!

p

mf

By thy free - dom wild and fear - less,

mf

espress.

By the stars of Heav'n that charm thee, By thy heart, untouched and

cresc.

tear - less, Love of mine shall nev - er harm thee, Love.....

cresc.

f

..... of mine shall nev - er harm thee, Bright Fe - dal -

- ma!

p *dim. e poco rall.*

Poco più lento.

Love of mine shall nev - er harm thee, Bright, O bright Fe -

p *lunga pp* *pp* *rall.* *lunga*

dal - - ma!

Tempo I.

pp *pp*

THE LAND OF VIOLETS.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

No 9.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Molto vivace. (M.M. ♩ = 126.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

leggiere

mf

mf

mf

p

cresc.

f

cresc.

f

Come, let us go to the land Where the vi - o - lets grow!.....

..... Let's go thi - ther hand in hand,

O - ver the wa - ters, o - ver the snow, To the land.....

poco rit. e dim.

..... where the vi - o - lets blow, where the sweet sweet vi - o - lets

p poco rit.

a tempo

blow!.....

a tempo

p *mf*

mf

There, in the beau - ti - ful South, Where the

mf

sweet flow'rs lie,..... Thou shalt sing with thy

p

cresc.
sweet - er mouth, Un - der the light of the ev' - ning sky,

cresc.

f That Love..... *f* never fades, that Love..... nev - er

f

poco rit. - *p* - - - *a tempo*
fades,..... though vi - - o - lets die!.....

poco rit. *a tempo*
p *p*

dim.

dim. *f*

*

SOMEWHERE.

*) Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

№ 10.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante moderato e melancolico. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 54$.) *mf ma con tristezza*

VOICE.

Some - where or o - ther there must

PIANO. *mf dim. p p*

sure-ly be The face not seen, the voice not heard, The

heart that not yet, nev-er yet,— ah me! Made an-swer to my word.....

..... Some-where or o - ther, may be near or far; Past land and

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sea, clean out of sight; Be - yond the wan-d'ring moon,.... be -

yond the star That tracks her night by night.....

Some - where or o - ther, may be far or near, With just a

wall, a hedge, be-tween; With just the last leaves of the dy - ing year

Fal - len on a turf grown green.....

A BIRTHDAY.

*) Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Nº 11.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Poco Allegretto ma appassionato. (♩ = 72.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

mf

My heart is like a

dim.

p

singing bird Whose nest is in a watered shoot; My

heart is like an apple-tree Whose boughs are bent with

cresc.

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thickest fruit; My heart is like a rain - bow shell That

mf

pad - dies in a hal - cyon sea; My heart is glad - der

cresc. ed agitato

f

cresc. ed agitato

f

than all these Be - cause my love is come,.....

sempre f

.... Be - cause my love is come,..... is come to

f

f

f

me.

f.

mf

ad.

mf

dim.

p

Raise me a dais of silk and down;

*

Hang it with vair and purple dyes; Carve it in doves and pome-

cresc.

gra-nates, And pea-cocks with a hun-dred eyes;

mf *cresc. ed agitato* 49

Work it in gold and sil - ver grapes, In leaves and sil - ver

mf *cresc. ed agitato*

f

fleur - - de - lys; Be - cause the birth - day of my life is

f

come,..... is come,..... my love, my love is come,

sempre f

.... is come to me.

DAY IS DYING.

Words by
GEORGE ELIOT.

Nº 12.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante. (♩ = 50.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

sempre legato

pp

p

Day is dy - ing! Float, O Song, Down the west - - ward

riv - er, Re - quem chant - ing to the Day

Day, the might - y Giv - er. Pierced by shafts of Time he

bleeds. Melt - ed ru - bies send - ing

Through the riv - er and the sky, Earth and heav - en

blend - ing.

p

All the long - drawn ear - thy banks Up to cloud - - land

pp

lift - - ing: Slow be - tween them drifts the swan,

poco rall. *a tempo* *f* *p*

'Twixt two heav - ens drift - ing. Day is dy - ing! Day is

p

dy - ing! Float, O swan, float down the ru - by riv - er;

22